Iron County Register

BY ELI D[illegible]

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

STANZAS

ON READING "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

I would not be a butterfly—
Nay, Mr. Bayly, nay;
Although you rhyme to ear and eye
In such a dainty way.
Those pretty words, that pretty air,
Admit but this reply:
It strikes me I should hardly care
To be a butterfly.

A charm there is in being born
Within a rosy bower,
Where sunshine on a summer morn
Should grace my natal hour.
But I was born a cockney, sir;
A cockney I shall die.
Pray, why on earth should I prefer
To be a butterfly?

The plants that in a garden grow,
Are fresh and very sweet;
But more befitting for a show
Than proper things to eat.
I love my soup, I love my fish,
My joint and apple-pie:
My *menu* never makes me wish
To be a butterfly.

'Tis only just a month or so
The things can keep alive;
One year's career they can not know,
And mine are forty-five.
I hope to learn a little fame
Ere many more go by,
It would hardly prove a paying game
To be a butterfly.

I tell you frankly, Mr. B.,
I would not if I could;
In fact, as far as I can see,
I could not if I would.
To many things we all aspire,
For many things we sigh;
But why should mortal man desire
To be a butterfly?

—*Henry S. Leigh, in Belgravia.*

THAT FADED BRAID.

A RAILWAY PHANTASY.

The railway train was ready for Pockamoc and way-stations. I had taken my ticket for Battle-Axe. As I entered the car I stood so long admiring the effects of the horizontal rays of a bright afternoon sun in December on the women's hats and the men's whiskers, that all the seats were seized before me. Yet not all the seats; there was one unoccupied, except by a heavy bundle of contract clothing in the rough, and ready for the needle. The poor sewing-woman to whom the parcel appertained showed the usual disproportion in size to weight she had to carry. Why sewing-women, as a class, are so small and light, and their bundles are so huge and heavy, is a question in social science not hard to solve. None but women reduced will attempt such burdens. The simple reduction becomes double when they have assumed the load. If it were less in quantity, the work would not yield even the present scanty subsistence.

Only the one seat, and several passengers standing. The conductor looked at the woman inquiringly. She looked up imploringly. She could not have taken the babe on her own knees. That would have been to complete summarily what the slower process of the needle must eventually accomplish gradually—her extinction. I came to the rescue, and said, "I will hold it." The conductor was relieved; the poor woman was half pleased, half perplexed. But I manfully assumed the burden. Charity hides a multitude of sins; the bundle hid me, sins and all, as it was placed "on end" and towered above my head.

"Perhaps we can share it," said the owner. Hers was a sweet voice, but suggestive of scanty food and little strength. And so we arranged it. For the music of that voice I took the heavy end. It was rather a hinderance to freedom of motion, but tended, as it afterward proved, to freedom of thought.

I stole a side glance at my neighbor. She delicately rewarded me with a smile, and then looked forward, or turned her face to the window. She was pretending to be unconscious of the stolen glances, which I was soon emboldened to convert into a steady gaze—not a rude gaze, but a respectful study. It did not annoy her, for she had read in my countenance that I was not an ogre to be propitiated or a man to be distrusted.

I would have dropped the car blinds—for we were on the sunny side—but to move was impossible, as we agreed in pantomime; and she contented herself with the dropping of her eyelids as a protection against the light. And I gave myself up, with all assurance, to the study of the companion to whom I was fast bound, and, so to say, Siamesed. Her features were not regular, perhaps, but her appearance was suggestive of a soul which had endured and could endure still. Her face, though so wasted that I did imagine that I saw the red light of the setting sun through her transparent nostrils, still bore indication of the power to love and to hope. She was a person of refinement, serene in her innocence and self-reliance. There is a dress which expresses defiant, deserved and careless poverty. And there are poor toilets, cloth worn threadbare, textures faded, the memorials of what has been and is no more, yet carefully attended to and conserved, as if in the tokens of better days comfort could still be taken. I took in all these circumstances, and as my neighbor's feigned sleep grew real, and her guard over herself diminished, her shawl falling open showed a braided jacket. And under her chin was a well-worn ruffle of a sort of domestic lace which some of the ladies used to weave—perhaps they do now—with their own fair fingers.

I received it as a compliment that she had fallen asleep. Whatever her fatigue in bargaining and walking in the city may have had to do with her drowsiness, it was an evidence of her confidence in the gentleman who volunteered inconvenience—yes, absolute discomfort—for a *poor* woman. A woman without bracelets or ear-rings, or a beetle or a lizard in her hair, or a purse in her hand, or a seal-skin sacque, or an Ulster, which, under all-enveloping ugliness, hides all other, should not and does not count on man's gallantry on a railway train. He is a gentleman, and much more, who accords it; and as such, I am sure, she thought me. And so in confidence she slept; but she did not dream of *me*, I happen to know.

A broken glove had exposed on her finger the marks of a needle and coarse colored thread—marks to be aggravated and renewed by the bundle which began to press upon me like the nightmare. When that faded finery was new, the face of that woman could not have been so wan, the cheeks so hollow. When she wove that lace, hers were nimble, fairy fingers. But those days were past. Her comeliness was waning, and as the freshness had worn away from braid and edging, she had faded out of her life all but the memory of hope and beauty.

The short winter twilight was over, and night had fallen. Railway lights are not brilliant, but they cast deep shadows. And here in the shadows we were rolling along, a freight of humanity liable at any moment to be collided with, or run off the track, or telescoped. The lack of faith in railroad safety no doubt makes the sharers of a common danger trust each other. But my friend and I were held by more than that usual bond. The bundle of dry-goods pressed heavier and heavier upon me, and of course upon her. We were certainly *en rapport* with each other. No magnetic pass could have bound us so firmly as did that pile of dry-goods. And as she slept on the confiding sleep of the just, I too began to fall into the night side of nature, if that, as I presume, means magnetic sleep. My senses and perceptions, however, acquired new activity; and though my body was oppressed, my mental faculties wildly danced in the freedom of supernatural vividness. I heard voices in conversation. One I recognized as that of my fellow-passenger, though more full and sweet, yet still subdued, than in the few words she had spoken to me. There were expressions of affection in a tone which she would not address to a stranger. They were made to some happy Charley. And my name is not Charles, but Arthur. The dimly-lighted car had faded away out of my vision, and instead I saw a cozy room. It was not, to be sure, much better lighted than the car; but everybody knows that when a third person is one too many, light is superfluous. Yet there was light enough for nimble fingers to be plied, near the lamp, if Charley would let them alone, and the pattern they were weaving was identical with that around my neighbor's neck. My own place in the room I could not fix. I seemed to be there, and yet not there. That I was not, was the evident presumption of Charley and Minnie. Minnie was what he called her. I need not say that she was a vision of maidenly beauty, such as I knew my traveling companion, restored and rejuvenated, would be.

There was no harm in what they said to each other, and none in their caresses. But I could readily understand that the words were not for other ears, or the acts for other eyes than their own. I tried to speak, but could not. I tried to h'm, but it was of no use. I tried to move, but being in a state of double limbo, magnetic and materialistic (clothing-shop materials), that effort was fruitless. Under a consciousness of not very agreeable detention, I heard the old, old story, and witnessed, what no grown man needs to witness, the rehearsal of how a wooing may be wooed, and a maid (foregone conclusion) may be won. It is to be presumed when one has passed the years of adolescence and bread-and-butter experience has been gained in that direction. There is no more need of a second-hand repetition than there is of the stale scraps of an old feast.

The light in the room flashed up, and I heard a door slam, and a step, and the railway car and the room seemed mixed, and the conductor's regulation cap appeared to change to a woman's. But whether he were she, or she were he, I could not tell. Just then Minnie's voice said, as she lifted up her work, "See, mother, how fast I am getting along with my tatting!" Then I plainly discerned Minnie's mother, with a light in her hand. The railway official's form and face had vanished like a dissolving view, though it must have been he who slammed the door, conductor fashion. It was his step I heard, and his lantern which refreshed the light; and yet he had given way to Minnie's mother, whose face wore a half-suppressed frown. It fitted upon her like a customary habit. Charley looked red, and Minnie just a little abashed, and the old lady pointed significantly to the dial of the clock in the corner. It was a family piece, with a ship at the top, which moved with the pendulum, laboring forever, as if in a head-beat sea. I congratulated myself that Charley and Minnie had made better progress than that plunging ship, which pitched bows under at every even clock-tick, and lifted itself at every odd one. My fellow-passenger gave me a push, gentle but effectual. "I do believe we were both asleep," she said, "and I have had *such* a dream! Your heavy breathing" (anybody but a lady would have said *snoring*) "awakened me."

I did not tell her that I had been pitching with that ship; nor did I ask her to tell me her dream. Being *en rapport*, I knew all about it. As one often does when, fancying he is awake, he tries to recall his dreams, I fell off again, car and parlor getting intermixed till nothing was left of either of them.

I was at the sea-side. Charley and Minnie were on the pier. Where I stood I can not say; but nobody seemed to mind *me*. Minnie wore a tidy jacket (beg her pardon—corselet), which looked as my traveling companion's did when that old braid was new. Somehow that nautical clock came into the vision again; but the ship launched itself from the clock case into the sea, and Charley appeared on board, waving his hat, while Minnie, on shore, waved her handkerchief. Her mother led her away sobbing. The mother's crabbed style of consolation so angered me that I would have interfered if I could. But a smell of indigo seemed to stifle me, and I found my nose buried in that horrible bundle of blue jackets. Crash! went the ship against the pier, and there arose a horrid scream.

"All out for Wampum Station!" shouted the conductor. The crash, then, was the car-brakes, the scream was the steam-whistle.

"Wampum Station!" I cried. "Why, I was to get off at Battle-Axe."

"We passed that an hour ago," said the man, sharply.

"What am I to do, then?"

"Why, stay here for the next train down, I suppose," was the answer. "All out for Wampum!" he cried out again. My sewing-woman stopped at Wampum, and I helped her to alight. Landed on the platform with her bundle, she looked like Atlas distressed with the world to carry.

"When is the next train down?" I asked.

"In about three hours."

"And that means past midnight, and the railroad office light is out already. Where is the hotel?"

"Hotel at Wampum Station there is none. But if you will come home with me, mother, I am sure, will give you shelter."

"I do not like to intrude—"

"If it were your own act and intention, it would be an intrusion. But it is not. You can not stay out of doors in the cold and the snow; and I owe you something for your considerate politeness."

Politeness—well, there was something in that, as the numbness of my limbs, from the weight of the bundle, testified. And as to my respectful consideration, she must have meant my silence. So I continued considerate, took her parcel, and we trudged out into the night, she leading, and neither of us saying a word.

Ushered into the house, I was fairly taken all aback. There was the identical clock in the corner, and the same old ship laboring against a dead-beat sea. My fellow-passenger had turned on the stove draughts, the room warmed up, and I sat down in the chair she offered me. She had lighted a lamp with a neat paper spill, and gone for her mother. The pretty receiver which held the paper lighters would have caught my eye at any time. It was the center of a bouquet of tropical vegetable snowy plumes and native autumn leaves and grasses—such a trifle as speaks the model woman and housekeeper. But the thing had a greater wonder for me. It was precisely like what I had seen in my—trance, shall I call it? I put my hands on my knees to find *that* bundle, and could hardly understand why it was not there still, for the weight was there; and I curiously associated it with all the articles in the room, as they came out, one by one, like aquaintances of a time gone by. I could even perceive that they were older than when I saw them before, or seemed to see them. In spite of care—or, perhaps, in consequence of it—they had gather the marks of age. They had been brushed and and rubbed into premature decay, though the effort was evident to keep them as they were forever.

I pinched my ear to ascertain whether I was in the body, and I stretched out my legs to the stove to make sure that awful bundle of dry-goods was not still cramping my limbs. Just then I saw it resting upright against the wall, where I myself had placed it. It was sailor's clothing, and seemed to take the shape of a man, with Charley's head on it. This was too much. I sprang to the spot, and discovered that on the wall above the parcel hung a life-sized photograph of the features of that very Charley whom I had seen in this room when I was dreaming in the railway car. "Fudge!" I snorted, and rubbed my eyes and thrashed my limbs, to work myself, if possible, out of my mystification.

It was not to be. I should not be awakened from my cloudiness so readily. The door opened, and my fellow-traveler returned, preceding her mother. And that mother was the mother whom I had already seen. She had the same dissatisfied look with which she disturbed the tete-a-tete of Charley and Minnie. But the lines in her face had deepened, and the discontent of time had palpably worked into her features. I could have counted the years in the indurated wrinkles which had stereotyped her frown since I saw her dismiss poor Charley from that room. You will observe that I speak of the railway experience as of an actual one of many years ago. I can not help it, and have no other mode of expressing the idea as it impressed my mind.

I bowed, in deprecation of all ill-humor, and turning to the daughter, said, "Minnie, I will go away on the next train. I—"

"Minnie, indeed!" the old lady broke in—"Minnie indeed! You have grown wonderfully familiar on a short acquaintance. My daughter told me that she had never seen you before, and I can not tell whether she has brought home a tramp, or a burglar, or a forger, or what."

Poor Minnie's face put on a look of wondering confusion. So, I suppose, did mine. The old lady continued:

"And, Mary, you must have become quite confidential in your ride, when this man—this *gentleman*—knows you by a pet name never heard out of this house."

It was a quandary, more for Minnie than for me, and yet sufficiently mysterious even to myself. Just then I heard a railway whistle. Eager to escape, I said, "There's my train, and I'll go at once."

"It is the eleven o'clock *up* train," said Minnie; and her mother's brow darkened, if possible, still more. "Your train down will not be here for an hour yet."

What more might have been said or done in the fog we were all in—Minnie even more perplexed than I, and the mother wrathful besides—will never be known. For there came a knock at the door, at which mother and daughter started and stared aghast. Only a birth or a death should cause a summons like that, at near midnight, in the village at Wampum Station. The knock being unanswered, there came a tap upon the window—a trembling, nervous tap. The mother reluctantly went to the door. Scarce had we heard her challenge, and the sound of the bolt withdrawn, when she came flying back, screaming in terror, and rushing as far as the narrow limits of the room would allow, her hands to her head, and her face in a corner. Following her, entered a stout good-looking sailor fellow, who stood for an instant by the roll of goods and the portrait, presenting to my confused eyes and my departing wits *two Charleys!*

An instant he stood—it was only an instant. Minnie threw herself upon the living Charley, who, nowise loath, seconded her hug with ardor. And I? Why, I naturally looked round to see what part the old woman took in this chapter of accidents. There she lay, dropped down in a confused tangle on the floor.

"Charley?" I said.

"You seem to have got my name and the number of my mess, shipmate," he answered, gruffly.

"Look there!" said I, and pointed to the mingled mass of woman and night shawls.

"Avast hugging for a bit, Minnie, while we uncoil your mother. She's like a bunch of foul hawse there in the corner."

And forthwith Charley took the old lady by the head and shoulders and straightened her out on the floor. I beckoned him away, and, with Minnie, chafed (I slapped) her hands, and bathed her temples with water. (Minnie bathed; I confessed that I doused.) As she opened her eyes at length, she stammered,

"Where—where is—where is the—The Ghost?"

But, not to multiply words, the old lady finally kissed Charley with her two lips and all her heart—which she did not do when I first saw her at that other distant time—and declaring that she was "clean tuckered out and done over," she tottered out of the room.

"There is my train now," I said, catching up my hat.

"Hold on there, and belay all!" said Charley. "You don't go yet."

"No," said Minnie, laying one hand on my arm, while she clung to Charley's waist with the other. "Wait till morning."

So I did. Meanwhile the mother, finding her wits in the kitchen, was soon joined by Minnie on hospitable thoughts intent. While the women were out I told Charley my story, with frequent interruptions of Minnie's face at the door, and now and then a rush in to seize the supposititious ghost round the neck, and to be sure of his existance in the flesh.

The reader knows all I could tell Charley, and what he told me will bear compression. They had been married, Minnie and he, seven years. From his first voyage, after his marriage, he returned in safety. On his second his vessel was lost, and he had this night on that "up train" brought the earliest tidings of his survival. Sorrow and poverty are twin sisters. Heart-sick with hope deferred, Minnie had been put to the sad straits in which I met her.

A cup of hot coffee somewhat restored my mental poise; and a tough doughnut convinced me, not in spite of my teeth, but by the aid of my molars and incisors, that I was possessed of my normal strength. I did not again that night dream one note of a dream. Perhaps that was because it takes two to dream such a dream as this. The morning sun awakened me at its earliest convenience—not so very early on a December day. When I came down to breakfast a little voice piped out:

"Mamma! gran'ma! here comes another papa!"

We all tried to compare notes. But the impalpable affords no positive basis of comparison. I commenced, very oracularly, at last—having read about odic forces, and subtle sympathies, and spiritual cognitions, and unconscious cerebrations, and mental physiology, and phonographs, and all that sort of thing—I commenced to say, "The solution of all this—"

"Oh! bother the solution!" said Charley. So said they all. And so say I. You have the story of *that faded braid*, and may make the most of it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Hay-making.

As the season of hay-making approaches, one of the prominent questions which arise is the best time to cut the grass. This question should be decided according to the best interest of each individual farmer. Some varieties of grass will bear earlier and more frequent cutting than others, and seem to do all the better, in a series of years, Grasses like timothy, which renews itself by annual formation of bulbs, for the best results of several seasons, must be allowed to complete maturity and perfect seed. Cutting down the stems before the plant has come to maturity shortens the life of the plant, as the bulbs require a certain amount of nutriment to be returned from the stalk and leaves, and this is always done after maturity—never before. The point indicating completion of nutrition is indicated by dryness of the stem near the crown of the bulb. When these indications appear the seeds are fully developed, and ripen fully as the ripening of the stem ascends. After this first appearance cutting ceases to injure, for the bulbs have received all necessary nutriment for the renewal and prolongation of the plant. If the grass be cut before thus matured nutrition is arrested, proper growth ceases, and an effort to repair injury by sending out small bulbs which produce only weak and unhealthy stalks, and the plant ultimately succumbs from drought, cold, or other natural cause.

Timothy left to take its natural course remains fresh and green during winter, but this green portion should never be severed by any close cutting or grazing, or the life of the plant is sacrificed. Most kinds of grasses are not injured so easily, and may be cut at an earlier stage without injury to the plants. Grass cut when in full bloom makes as good hay for feeding and fattening purposes as at any stage, according to my observation, if we except timothy; that I have found most fattening when cut after the maturity of the seed. The proper curing and saving of hay is of as much importance as the time of cutting, for unless properly done it matters little at what stage the grass is cut after the seed stem shoots. For my part I am in favor of saving and storing hay in tight barns in as green a state as is possible, to save it and not have it blacken by heating. To do this, little of the hot, burning sun rays should be allowed on it when spread after cutting. It will surprise many old-style farmers how green hay may be put in the mow, in a tight barn, when cut while the grass is not wet, and thus cured.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—The editor of the Santa Rosa (Cal.) *Republican* is provoked at a telegraphic account of a forest monarch 315 years old being cut down to make lumber, and says: "We know of one tract of 440 acres of redwood and other timber on Russian River, almost the last compact body of it there, that the saw mills won't get leave to touch while the writer is above ground. Talk about 315 years! There are redwood trees there 45 feet in circumference and 300 feet high that were (by all evidence) large trees 2,000 years ago.

The Corruption in the Public Service.

An investigation has been going on in the Treasury Department for the past few weeks, which reveals another phase of the prevailing corruption in the public service, and shows how it has been protected in the highest quarters. Under regular estimates, Congress appropriated half a million of dollars in round numbers for furniture, fuel, carpets, wagons, books, horses, toilet articles and other so-called contingencies for the Treasury, from 1877 to 1880 inclusive. Formerly the practice was for each of the Bureaus to make its own purchases of these articles, and a direct responsibility for any extravagance or collusion was thus fixed in every case. This check was abandoned, under the present management, and a clerk named O. L. Pitney, became the General Purchasing Agent, and the custodian of this property. His accounts were subject to the approval of the Chief Clerk, then J. K. Upton, who was promoted by John Sherman to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

After Upton's promotion he retained the authority to approve Pitney's accounts, and when charges were made against the latter, he protected him in the face of testimony showing fraud. With the power to buy what he pleased in the limits of the appropriation, and practically to verify his own purchases, Pitney had full swing, and a ring of plunderers was organized inside and outside the Department, consisting of officials and of favored contractors. The old story of jobbery, extravagance, and corruption was repeated, and the whole of the appropriations was exhausted in this organized rascality. Cabinetmakers and other mechanics are employed regularly in the Department for this branch of the service, and they were utilized in a manner that disgraces members of the late Fraudulent Administration, and strengthened the hands of the thieves.

John Sherman has grown to a handsome fortune upon the economies of his salary as a member of Congress and of the Cabinet during twenty-five years. He entered the House of Representatives poor in 1855, and he retired from the Treasury a millionaire in 1881, having in the period between these two extremes no other vocation but politics. His prosperity seems to have begun when he was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate and Jay Cooke was the manager of the public loans.

Mr. Sherman is a large owner of real estate in Washington. A few years ago he had built a block of some forty houses, and last year he indulged himself with a fine mansion, adjoining his former residence, in the fashionable quarter of the capital. With all his wealth Mr. Sherman is a thrifty and penurious person. He knows that money is power, and he never parts from a dollar without getting at least a full equivalent for it.

Mr. Sherman found it cheap and convenient to make Pitney, the head of the purchasing ring of the Treasury, his agent for the collection of rents and attention to his property. Pitney was too glad to hold that relation, and to have it known in the Department, because it served as a passport in the accounting offices and silenced the busy tongue of scandal and of envy among subordinates who knew of his dealings.

Thus fortified, Pitney detailed cabinet-makers and other mechanics to beautify Mr. Sherman's new mansion, to do work for Mr. Evarts, and to adorn his own residence, and charged their time and the material used to different Bureaus of the Treasury. Backed by the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary, the latter of whom certified the accounts and is believed to have shared in the spoils, this custodian of public property and trusted disburser of a contingent fund of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per annum pursued his vocation openly during the whole term of Hayes. While the Fraudulent Administration was canting about Civil-service Reform, this sort of thievery was encouraged by the highest officials, who themselves were its beneficiaries. With such examples before them, it was perhaps natural that a number of the subordinates should participate in the common plunder, and utilize the opportunity to increase their incomes.

An inquiry made, as this is, by dependents, and without power to get at the bottom facts, must be limited in its scope, and is under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. It will probably result in the removal of some of the inculpated clerks, while their superiors, who are responsible to the country, will be allowed to escape, unless Congress shall pursue the investigation with a resolute purpose.

It should also be known that Mr. Sherman is answerable for a precedent which does not help his reputation. While traveling over the country, he charged his personal expenses to the fund appropriated for collection of the revenue. No former Secretary used public money in that way, even when engaged on official duty. The example was infectious, and Mr. Evarts found the practice useful and economical in his Department.

The more closely the conduct of the Fraudulent Administration is scrutinized, the more infamous it appears. Even the White House was stripped of its portable equipment in the expiring hours of Hayesism.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Political Religion as a Party Factor.

There is something instructive in the fact that Garfield and John Sherman and politicians of that type are more powerful and popular than the class represented by Conkling. So far as bitter and unreasoning partisanship is concerned, both types are objectionable, but when they are compared there is rather a heavy balance against the former. Conkling's faults are many and prominent, but he has the redeeming characteristic of being outspoken and courageous, and of never affecting moral sentiments for political purposes. He is opposed to shams, and does not pretend to be a representative of the religious element. On the contrary, the President and Mr. Sherman and others we might name, are remarkably fond of sentimental allusions and assume a devout and reverend air with much unction and address. It is an argument in favor of a man if he be a consistent and modest Christian. It would be an improvement, no doubt, if we could secure an increase in the number of such men in public life, as it might conserve the interests of Civil-service Reform. But political religion has generally a strong flavor of cant, and we regret to say that our President and his friends too often suggest this kind of adulterated piety. The President drops so often into poetry and moral and philosophical speculation that he seems to confuse history. Is the report of the Poland Committee a dream, or does it really exist on the records of Congress? Were the DeGolyer fee and the Credit Mobilier idle inventions or boyish offenses long ago repented of? These questions are perpetually suggested when we read Mr. Garfield's remarks on certain interesting occasions.

John Sherman is not quite so devout in tone as his former associate, but he frequently deals in outbursts of moral enthusiasm calculated to keep him in good standing with people who are very religious but not very reflective. At the Ohio State Convention he lectured finely on party purity, and, although he refrained from naming Conkling, he threw his brand at him by denouncing all "bosses" and leaders who assume to dictate. There is not a more cold-blooded, selfish partisan in the country than the said Sherman, nor one more capable of every trick and device to forward his particular interests, but when he mounts his high moral ideas he becomes the picture of a serene Christian statesman. This is the man who went South and helped to concoct evidence to effect the Electoral fraud of 1876, who has never a fair nor just word to say of the Southern people or the Democratic party, and who did not hesitate to use all the influence of his Department and to misrepresent the facts of resumption for his personal honor in order that he might strengthen his chances for a Presidential nomination at Chicago. We do not mean to say that both of these men are pure, unmitigated hypocrites, but we do mean to say that there is a vivid and derisive comparison between their uttered sentiments and the facts of their public records. But they are exceedingly shrewd. They know how extensively men are influenced in the West by religious connections and ideas, and they utilize this knowledge to maintain and extend their political reputations. Thus Sherman sees at a glance that popular sympathy is with the President in the fight with the New York Senators, and in his speech to the Convention, he takes sides strongly against the latter. He was furious with Garfield's action at Chicago. He felt then and probably believes still that he was euchred out of his chances for nomination by his deeper and more astute colleague, but now that Garfield is President he proposes to keep on the side of success; so he goes for Conkling with an air of virtuous indignation that is highly edifying and entertaining. In one aspect of the matter this mixing of morals and religion with politics is a favorable sign, because it shows that the general sentiment of the country is on the side of these mainstays of society. The only thing to regret is that it sometimes excites a violent and vivid contrast between the professions of our statesmen and their official and personal records. Conkling evidently made a mistake when he neglected to cultivate a more devout and Christian air. He is too haughty, too satirical and too overbearing. Mere talent will not do in New York any more than in Ohio. There must also be a flavor of religious respectability or else confidence cannot be maintained. In ignoring this factor in a political career, Mr. Conkling has sadly imperiled his chances of success. —*St. Louis Republican.*

A Disgruntled Favorite on Ex-President Grant.

"Did Grant know of the frauds?"

"He did. I paid Babcock Grant's share of the spoils in the White House, and would always notify Grant of it in person. He would invariably reply, 'All right. Whatever you do with Babcock is the same as with me. I have him to attend to the details.'"

"How much did you pay Babcock?"

"I paid him $30,000 in money, beside diamonds, horses and shipments of game."

"Have you seen Grant since your pardon?"

"Yes. I met him at the Chicago reunion. The papers had it that I addressed him and he snubbed me. I did not say a word. He looked me in the face a moment, then, dropping his eyes, said to Shermam, on whose arm he was leaning, 'Don't you think we had better move on a little?' Mutual friends tried to bring us together, but I refused to go to Grant unless he wrote me a letter requesting it. He never wrote."

"What is your object in putting this book before the people?"

"It is to vindicate myself, and to furnish a bit of unwritten history that could not otherwise be supplied. The *Courier-Journal* and other papers have pronounced upon the book. I am not afraid to let it go before the people. It beat Grant for a third term, and it will beat him forever. It has never been denied."—*Interview in Macon (Mo.) Telegraph.*

—The Republican party, we are told, "has the courage to hunt down and punish the rascals in its own camp." We are glad to hear it; but it would give us still greater pleasure to be favored with the name of some rascal—in the camp—who has actually been hunted down. The prospect seems good for a name or two in the near future; but it would be a gratification to have just one little name of a rascal out of the myriads, who have grown fat in the Republican camp who has been punished by his party. The sight of such a name, even if there were only one syllable in it, would beget confidence. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—To assist in making the Kilkenny fight in the Republican party a trifle more interesting, if that is possible, we direct the attention of Messrs. Garfield, Conkling, Blaine and the rest to Senator Edmunds. He is a dangerous man in the matter of possibilities, and in the universal dirt throwing they ought not to let him go unmatched. He is as cold as ice; but if he is as spotless as snow he is a strange phenomenon for a Republican politician.—*Exchange.*

—The peach trees in South Georgia are so full of fruit that much of it has to be beaten off to save the trees.